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Alpha *and* Omega,

A

P O E M,

In FIVE CANTOES :

ADDRESSED TO

A L P H O N S O,

A Young Gentleman Atheistically inclined.

To which are added,

The THIRD CHAPTER of HABBAKUK,

REFLECTIONS on the SEA-SIDE, &c.

By *LEWIS JONES*, A. B.

Vicar of Caldicut, in Monmouthshire.

*I am ALPHA and OMEGA, the Beginning and the End, the
First and the Last.*

Rev. xxii. 13.

GLOCESTER, Printed by R. RAIKES ;

And Sold by Messrs. DAVEY and LAW, in Ave-Mary-Lane, London ; by Mr. WILDE, in Hereford ; and by all other Book-sellers in Town and Country. 1758.

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T

THE Writer of the following Piece submits it entirely to the Candour of the Public, and hopes the Goodness of his Intention will atone for, in some Measure, the several Imperfections perceivable in the Performance, which is levelled, not against any particular Person concealed under the Name of ALPHONSO, (as he has Reason to think has been injuriously suggested without the least Foundation) but against ATHEISM itself, the most deplorable Characteristic of this licentious Age. But for his ill State of Health it would have appear'd, perhaps, in a Dress more worthy the interesting Subject, yet hitherto unattempted in Poetry.

True Criticism, a Stranger to Prejudice, views every well-meaning Attempt with a favourable Eye, and, where the Subject is difficult, does not forget to make proper Allowances. His Endeavours to *please* and to *profit* will please the Humane, and he wishes to have had the Art of mixing the *utile dulci* so as to please and to profit Malevolence. If this incorrect Essay be capable, upon the whole, of contributing *Somewhat* to the Service of Religion, (for, however deficient in Practice, he dares rank himself in the Number of its sincerest Well-wishers) the *Mite* will be accepted, and the *Donor* abundantly recompenced; especially, if it should haply entice any Master of the Pen more effectually to undertake what he has cordially attempted---the Maintenance of Truth, and the Conviction of Infidelity, for the Honour of GOD, and the Benefit of Man.

ALPHA *and* OMEGA.

CANTO I.

O curvæ in terras animæ et cœlestium inanes!

THERE are, I own, BRITANNIA'S Sons among,
Far better skill'd in Argument and Song;
Where NATURE, in the Precept, blends with ART,
And sweet Conviction melts the conscious Heart:
For me—Beneficence, not Fame, my End,
Who personate the *Bard* to prove the *Friend*.
Happy! if, prompted by this rude Design,
Some fav'rite Subject of the tuneful *Nine*

Maintain the Sacred Cause, as *Truth* inspires,
With sacred Rage, and more exalted Fires.

PLEASURE makes ATHEISTS ; that destroying *Pest*
 By Man call'd Pleasure, and with Glee carefs'd :
 Hence the bewitching Smile, and sportive Glance,
 Hence the wild Notes that urge the frantic Dance.
 Profanely eloquent, or lewdly witty, 15
 She crowns the Goblet, or lascivious Ditty.
 If on the luscious Board a Turtle smoaks,
 Wit triumphs, and JEHOVA ends in Jokes :
 Then, wide distended with the gorgeous Load,
 The Man of Taste annihilates his GOD. 20
 Earth, Earth absorbs him whole, and not a Ray
 Informs his Breast, of pure celestial Day ;
 But each Diviner Image fades away.

Sweet are the Joys which Vanities bestow,
 Sweet are the Joys which from Extortion flow ; 25
 Sweet

Ver. 11. PLEASURE makes ATHEISTS : See Dr. CLARK on the Being and Attributes of GOD as to the Causes of ATHEISM.

Ver. 21. Earth, Earth absorbs, &c.]---Quin corpus onustum

Hesternis vitiis animum quoque pręgravat uná,

Atque affigit humo divinę particulam aurę.

HOR.

Sweet are the Joys when Pow'r usurps Controul,
 And sweet are Revels o'er the Midnight Bowl;
 Sweet and attractive as the Syren's Charm,
 The Joys that round Idalian Grottoes swarm;
 Sweet the soft Eccho of recoiling Oaths, 30
 Sweet all the Joys that squeamish Virtue loaths;
 Oh doubly sweet! deceiv'd ALPHONSO cries,
 Oh doubly sweet! a Voice from Hell replies.

The Soul aims high: Shall Lust its Aim defeat?
 In Man how mix'd the Little and the Great! 35
 Collected, now, the Godlike Pow'rs prevail,
 And, now, the Brutal Legions turn the Scale;
 Inclined, by Fits on PLATO's Wings to rise,
 Or sink, and, like DOMITIAN, sport with Flies:
 Now, like ALCIDES, leans to Virtue's Sway, 40
 Now, deaf to Virtue, treads the flow'ry Way,
 Then twirls the Distaff once divinely brave,
 When all the Hero dwindles to a Slave.

Thus Man ; 'till Grace each Appetite refine,
 Pleas'd to correct the Sensual to Divine. 45
 Not so the Atheist, by whose ruder Plan
 The Brutes alone are Relatives to Man :
 To Virtue Vice, and Death to Life preferr'd,
 Supine he mingles with th' ignoble Herd ;
 Disclaims th' Alliance tho' to Heav'n allied, 50
 And the *prime* Monster swells with earthly Pride ;
 Spurns the kind Hand that spreads out all his Store ;
 Lives but to die, and dies to live no more.

Does aught of Joy BRITANNIA's Offspring suit,
 That stains the *Hottentot*, and marks the Brute ? 55
 The Joys of Vice, which real Joys you deem,
 Wear a false Gloss, and are not what they seem.
 Observe how soon the fond Illusions pall !
 How soon th' unhallow'd *Manna* turns to *Gall* !

L. 47. They that deny a GOD destroy Man's Nobility ; for 'tis most certain that Man is akin to the Beasts by his *Body* ; and, if he is not akin to GOD by his *Spirit*, he is a very base and ignoble Creature.

A Grant too high ; but grant your Doctrine true : 60
 Are Virtue's Sons less happy Men than you ?
 Alike the Atheist's and the Christian's Lot
 To bud, to blossom, ripen, drop, and rot.
 Nor Heav'n, nor Hell, exist beyond the Grave,
 To damn the Sinner, and the Saint to save. 65
 But what a Choice has poor ALPHONSO made,
 [Conscience repuls'd, and Reason ill repaid !]
 If, doom'd eternal Raptures to forego,
 His short-liv'd Pleasures end in endless Woe ?

Full at the Gates, amidst a wond'ring Crowd, 70
 Hark ! does not Wisdom lift her Voice aloud ?
 ' Attend, my Sons ! with solemn Stillness hear
 ' The Words I utter, and those Words reverse.
 ' Trust me, Religion is no empty Sound ;
 ' TRUTH in her Paths, and HAPPINESS are found. 75
 B From

L. 63 refers to the different States of Infancy, Youth, Manhood, Old-Age, and the final Diffolution of Man.

L. 70. This daringly-beautiful Prosopopeia is taken from viii. *Prov.* 1. Doth not Wisdom cry, and Understanding put forth her Voice ? She crieth at the Gates, at the Entry of the City, &c.

- ' From Heav'n I saw the Royal Maid descend,
 ' A thousand Ministerial Loves attend;
 ' But chief of these, and charming to the Sight,
 ' Faith, Hope, and Charity, enrob'd in White.
 ' Around her shone a bright Æthereal Flame, 80
 ' Bright as the Place, and pure, from whence she came.
 ' A sudden Chorus strikes my ravish'd Ears,
 ' Sweet as the Musick of the sounding Spheres.
 ' Her Breath Ambrosial Odors: Wrought with Gold,
 ' Her Vesture flow'd all-glorious to behold. 85
 ' In her Left Hand a Branch of Olive bends,
 ' Her Right the *Victor's* Starry Crown extends,
 ' Gracious she spoke, and thus her Speech began,
 " GLORY TO GOD! BENEVOLENCE TO MAN.
 " Mine the still Raptures of a Life well-spent. 90
 " Of humble Ease, and durable Content:
 " The Joys which I impart are Joys alone,
 " Health to the Cheek, and Marrow to the Bone;
 " Comforts which no Vicissitude destroys,
 " Substantial, lasting, uncompounded Joys. 95

- " Each Intellectual Appetite I fill,
 " Inform the Judgment, and correct the Will;
 " Fix in the Bounds which Reason's Laws require,
 " Each Hope and Fear, Aversion and Desire.
 " My chearful Influence each Affection sways, 100
 " Calms ev'ry Passion, ev'ry Lust allays,
 " Whence Gentleness of Mind and Length of Days. }
 " 'Tis mine, to plead th' oppress'd but righteous Cause,
 " When CONSCIENCE, CONSCIENCE bounds with Self-Appause.
 " My Sons no Terrors, no Distractions know; 105
 " All, as above, is Harmony below.
 " Their Joys, proportion'd to their Hopes, increase;
 " Their Lives are Chearfulness, their End is Peace.
 " Add, when the last loud Trumpet pierce the Tombs,
 " [A Blast prelusive to their final Dooms!] 110
 " Immortal Extasies my Train await,
 " Which not the Tongue of Angels can relate.
 " To him that overcomes behold the Prize!
 " She ceas'd; and loud Hosannahs rent the Skies.

C A N T O II.

*Before the Mountains were brought forth, or ever the Earth
and the World were made, thou ART GOD from Ever-
lasting and World without End.*

Psalm xc. 20.

A GOD! illumin'd Nations cry aloud, 115
A GOD the Pagan sees as through a Cloud.
Go, visit ev'ry Clime the Sun surveys,
The Creatures eccho the Creator's Praise;
Where Ignorance her rude Dominion spreads,
Or where the gentle Foot of Science treads. 120

Whence

L. 115. Firmissimum hoc afferri videtur cur Deos esse credamus, quod nulla gens tam fera, nemo OMNIUM tam sit immanis, cujus mentem non imbuerit Deorum opinio: multi de Diis prava sentiunt, id enim vitioso more effici solet: omnes tamen esse vim et naturam Divinam arbitrantur.

TUSCUL. I.

When he speaks of *Deorum* and *Diis*, he speaks in Conformity to the vulgar Opinion, and Polity of the Pagan World, not intending to infer from thence a Plurality of Gods, but only ---*numen esse aliquod*; or, as he says in the latter Part of the Sentence, agreeably to the Sentiments of all the wiser Heathens, agreeably to his own real Sentiments, and agreeably to Truth, ---*esse vim et naturam Divinam*.

Whence could this universal Awe begin?

Whence?—from the Scene without, and Voice within.

And Man's first Sire the glowing Lecture read,

Which kindling through successive Ages spread.

Groundless this Awe, or real, may we call? 125

Can that be groundless which determines all?

Another NEWTON let ALPHONSO prove,

Say, how the Motion-less began to move;

Thy sprightly Genius clear the wondrous Fact,

How first Inaction should begin to act; 130

What latent Cause first shook the dormant Load:

Was Motion then its necessary Mode?

The Chain of Causes by Degrees pursue,

'Till the whole System open fair to View;

'Till free thy Soul, on Contemplation's Wings, 135

Mount upward to the Archetype of Things;

Mount above Heav'n, then down to Earth below,

And learn thy own dear Littleness to know.

Two diff'rent Principles amaze the Schools,
 Attraction here, and there Repulsion rules ; 140
 Whose happy Variance works the general Good,
 And gives each Orb the very Place it should.

And what are these ?—the Pow'r of GOD impress'd
 On Matter—Matter in itself confess'd
 Indiff'rent or to *Motion*, or to Rest. 145

Hence, then, not *Matter*, but one boundless Soul,
 Sustains, impels, and regulates the whole :
 Attend, ye *Atheists* ! but to Reason's Call,
 One great mysterious *Logos* governs all.

Does Man exist ? Man must receive, of Course, 150
 Existence from some first-existing Source :
 Reflect ? but whence can Man's Reflection rise ?
 Its Source must be intelligent and wise.

A

L. 140. And what is this Attraction ? (says the excellent Mr. HERVEY, meaning the Attraction both of Gravitation and Cohesion) Is it a Quality, in its Existence, inseparable from Matter ; and, in its acting, independent on the DEITY ?—Quite the Reverse. It is the very Finger of GOD ; the constant Impression of Divine Power ; a Principle neither innate in Matter, nor intelligible by Mortals.

A Cause irrational who dares suspect
Productive of a rational Effect? 155

Is there no GOD, because thy mortal Eye
Sees not th' *Invisible*? whose Works imply
An Architect Divine: With partial Blaze
All Nature the Divinity displays.
Go, Rebel to the first and best of Pow'rs! 160
Go, search the Properties of Plants and Flow'rs!
Their Effence lies conceal'd ALPHONSO grants,
Yet the Life circulates of Flow'rs and Plants.
The Wretch depriv'd of Hearing, or of Sight,
Frames rude Ideas or of Sound or Light. 165

Yet, tho' this Truth his reaf'ning Pow'rs confound,
Is there, ALPHONSO! neither Light nor Sound?

Enough for Mortals if, by Reason's Aid,
They trace the Maker in the Things he made.

Can Man, proud Man, each curious Point decide? 170

A Worm of Yesterday, how vast his Pride!

Anxious, tho' blind with Passions, to explain
 Mysterious Truths which Angels search in vain.
 Can Man, assisted by his Pride alone,
 Strike thro' the Blaze of GOD's Empyrean Throne, 175
 When the rapt Seraph, mask'd before his Sight,
 Bears not those overwhelming Floods of Light?
 Above all Heights can *finite* Reason mount,
 And all the Ways of *Infinite* recount?
 As well, presumptuous! may the grov'ling Swine 180
 Unriddle each prudential Act of thine;
 Explain what Order, and what Rules you keep,
 Why cultivate the Land, why tempt the Deep.
 Rise then, ye Brutes! Man's ev'ry Scheme explode,
 A Man to you, and but a Brute to God. 185

What Cause, say Casuist! from Corruption freed,
 Re-kindles into Life the dying Seed?

Why

L. 180. Ne bestia quidem, quid homo sit, capiunt; multoq; minus sciunt qua ratione homines respublicas instituant ac regant, astrorum cursus metiantur, mare navigent.

Why Parts of Matter, let ALPHONSO teach,
Connect with Parts cementing each to each.

Say why this Particle of Breath Divine

190

Lives the rich Tenant of a mould'ring Shrine:

Make Nature all thy Study, all thy Care;

Invent, improve, interpret, and compare:

Each Operation, Virtue, Pow'r explore;

Then sink, Ambition! and presume no more.

195

Unbias'd Reason this Conclusion draws,

There is, there must be, some Eternal Cause.

Yet Reason's Self in proper Bounds restrain:

She errs, and maddens with too free a Rein,

Like the Sun's Horses in yon Starry Plain.

200

L. 200. Like the Sun's Horses, in the Story of PHAETON.

CANTO III.

JOVIS OMNIA PLENA.

*The invisible Things of him from the Creation of the World
are clearly seen, being understood by the Things that are
made, even his Eternal Pow'r and GOD-head.*

Rom. i. 20.

FROM Pow'rs beheld conclude a Pow'r unseen,
Which is, which must be, and which must have been.

Above, below, stupendous Works declare

A Pow'r Supreme, in being—what they are.

Go, take thy Range thro' all Creation's Round,

205

Say, is there one Erratum to be found?

Search

L. 201. It is less difficult to believe the most portentous Stories of the *Alcoran*, the *Talmud*, or the *Legend*, than to believe that this universal Frame of Nature is without an intelligent Being: And therefore GOD never wrought a Miracle to convince *Atheism*, because his ordinary Works are sufficient for that Purpose.—BACON'S *Essays* by WYLLIMOT.

Search deep thro' Nature's universal Frame,
 Find, if thou canst, one single Speck to blame;
 One *Star* that shines not to its Station true;
 One *Grain* of Sand too many, one too few: 210
 Where lies one Mountain not of Use declare,
 One Rock, one culpable *Iota*, where.

Here wide extended Vallies laugh with Corn,
 And wilder Glories yonder Hills adorn!
 The Purple Grape Nectareous swells with Juice, 215
 And fragrant Heaths Balsamick Draughts produce.
 The flow'ry Meads in gay Luxuriance bloom,
 And Shrubs, and Herbs Ambrosial waft Perfume:
 Fresh from the verdant Hill and dewy Vale,
 Fresh from the Vale a thousand Sweets exhale, 220
 Fresh blows *Arabia* in each Spicy Gale.
 The Silver Stream, here, soft meand'ring flows,
 There, the full Bough a cool Repast bestows,
 And with attractive Lure the mellow Fruitage glows.

See yonder Sun which gilds the Blue Expanse! 225
 Is that vast Globe the shining Gift of Chance?
 What secret Pow'r still feeds the mighty Blaze,
 Prescribes its Motion, and directs its Rays?
 It is a flaming Evidence, ordain'd
 To speak the Might of GOD's creative Hand: 230
 From World to World it spreads th' important Sound,
 From *Mercury* to *Saturn's* utmost Bound.

To see the Sign, and not their Zeal improve,
 To feel its Warmth, and yet not melt with Love;
 Be this the Mark of cold *SPINOZA's* Train, 235
 Who see the Sign, and feel its Warmth in vain.
 Their Eyes see Wonders, will their Tongues confess?
 No; the Tongue curses which was form'd to bless.

At

L. 225. Quid potest esse tam apertum, tamq; perspicuum, cum cœlum suspeximus, cœlestiaq;
 contemplati sumus, quam esse aliquod numen præstantissimæ mentis quo hæc regantur? Quod
 qui dubitat, haud sane intelligo cur non idem Sol sit, an nullus sit, dubitare possit? Quid enim
 est hoc illo evidentius?

De Nat. Deor.

L. 231. See some beautiful Reflections on this Subject in MARTIN's *Gentleman's and Lady's
 Philosophy*.

At awful Distance from this Source of Day
 Myriads of Suns their Nightly Beams display; 240
 Each spangling * Point, an Orb immensely great,
 May chear dependent Worlds with Light and Heat:
 Rare Works for casual Atoms to compleat!
 Hence let ALPHONSO just Conclusions draw,
 Which ev'n a Moth inculcates,—ev'n a Straw. 245

What Laws yon Planetary Spheres controul,
 Or doom in Æther's fluid Tracts to roll?
 Oblique to whirl in everlasting Gyres,
 And rapid Measures round their central Fires?
 What Laws impel the Comet's fiery Train, 250
 That wanton sallies thro' th' Æthereal Plain?

* Consult with Reason, Reason will reply,
 Each lucid Point, which glows in yonder Sky,
 Informs a System in the boundless Space,
 And fills, with Glory, its appointed Place;
 With Beams unborrow'd brightens other Skies,
 And Worlds to thee unknown with Light and Life supplies.

The Universe.

O wondrous Structure without Hands compil'd !
 Devious by Rule, and regularly wild.
 A larger Compass what if each enjoy'd,
 Eccentric flaming thro' th' unbounded Void ? 255

Such universal Symmetry and Art,
 Such Harmony diffus'd thro' ev'ry Part,
 Are various Proofs of one Supreme above ;
 Are various Proofs of WISDOM, POW'R, and LOVE.

See yet, unnotic'd by the naked Eye, 260
 New Systems new Inhabitants supply !
 Here breathes an Animal without a Name,
 One Step from nothing its compendious Frame :
 A Speck ! whose Form the nicest Eye approves ;
 A Drop its Ocean where it lives and moves. 265

O Miniature compleat thro' ev'ry Part !
 O Nature ! GOD's inimitable Art !
Great in its *Littleness* it gives Surprise,
 Beyond *Leviathan's* enormous Size.

Amazing these ! yet greater Wonders scan, 270

Trace the rude Embrio working up to Man :

How fearfully ! how wonderfully wrought !

Shap'd into Grandeur ! quicken'd into Thought !

O what are Planets, Comets, what the whole

Of yon bright Arch, to Man's immortal Soul ? 275

One Soul, that in Religion's Orbit runs,

Out-values and out-shines ten thousand Suns.

ALPHONSO, learn Earth's Lustre to contemn,

O learn the Value of thy richest Gem !

Undone for ever if that Gem be lost !

Millions of Worlds can never pay the Cost. 280

C A N T O IV.

Te facimus, Fortuna! Deam, Coeloq; locamus.

Doubtless there is a GOD that judgeth the Earth.

Pfalm lviii. 10.

THEE, CHANCE! thee, blind Directress of the Muse!

I hail, and hail thee with no fordid Views.

What Warmth I feel thy genial Ray supplies,

And gives Imagination Wings to rise:

285

Thus may I boast the Gift thy Lots bequeath,

And with thy own LUCRETIVS share the Wreath.

Doubtless, to thee ev'n HOMER's mighty Name

Owes the long Plaudit of impartial Fame;

290

Who, blind like thee, and void of Fraud confess'd,

On various Cubes each Grecian Type impress'd!

These emptied, rattling, from the dubious Urn,
Lo, Page the first with Indignation burn!

Again he tofs'd the loud contingent Dies;

Again each Reader views, with wild Surprise, 295

New Prodigies in sweet Connection rise.

Thus Line to Line, and Page to Page succeeds,

'Till doom'd to fall lamented HECTOR bleeds;

And fierce implacable ACHILLES tow'rs

Tremendous in the View of Trojan Pow'rs. 300

Thy Iliad hence the Reach of Thought surpass'd,

As *Art* met *Nature* in each lucky Cast.

Say, whence, as finish'd by th' exactest Mold,

This Rectitude thro' all which we behold;

Flow'rs,

D

L. 292. Hic ego non miror esse quemquam qui sibi persuadeat, corpora quædam solida atque individua vi et gravitate ferri, mundumq; effici ornatissimum et pulcherrimum ex eorum corporum concursione fortuita: Hoc qui existimet fieri potuisse, non intelligo cur non idem putet si innumerabiles unius & viginti formæ literarum vel aureæ, vel quales libet, aliquo conjiciantur, posse ex his in terram excussis, annales Ennii ut deinceps legi possint, effici.—*De Nat. Deor.* L. 2.

L. 292. The *Irony* here supposes the Figure of each Letter in the Greek Alphabet to have been impressed on sundry little Cubes, or Dice, which, being rattled in a Box, regularly produced, at each fortuitous Cast, a Page of the *Iliad*; as if the first Cast had produced the first Page, the next the second, and so on successively to the End of the Poem: Which affords a Series of Effects, wrought by CHANCE, of the miraculous Kind.

Flow'rs, Fruits, and Musick, Air and Skies, unite 305
 To charm the Smell, Taste, Hearing, Touch, and Sight!
 How various Objects various Joys dispense,
 How gratify the Appetites of Sense.

Whence, but from CHANCE, Creator mute, first sprung
 That apt Interpreter of Thought the Tongue? 310
 Why circulates the Blood in Crimson Tides?

CHANCE, like the Moon, unconscious Queen, presides:
 Fierce to repel these Tides as to receive,
 CHANCE gave the Heart to pant, the Lungs to heave.

Who strung the Sinews, and who brac'd the Nerves? 315
 Almighty CHANCE first made, and still preserves.

Who form'd the Eye? Blind CHANCE;—Deaf CHANCE, the Ear:
 ALPHONSO! what a Miracle is here!

Strange that meer CHANCE should Human Art excel!
 Strange that so blind an Agent plann'd so well! 320

In social League could jarring Atoms join?
 Just without Art! correct without Design!

As well may frantic Eloquence persuade
 My Reason that St. PAUL's was never made;
 Or that by Accident Materials came,
 And regularly blunder'd into Frame.

To Reason's uncorrupted Voice submit,
 Whate'er exists is uniform and fit;
 All by one perfect Architect design'd,
 All the full Sapience of Eternal Mind,
 The Work of WISDOM, POW'R, and LOVE, combin'd.

But, sunk in Ease, a Lethargy Divine,
 Notes the prime Monarch any Act of mine?
 Shall mortal Insignificancy share
 His kind Inspection, his immediate Care?
 Enjoys this World a Portion of his Grace?
 This World a *Cypher* in the Realms of Space.

D 2

Om-

L. 328. Whatever is, is right.—POPE.

L. 337. A Cypher—which Expression at once alludes to the Circular Form and Insignificancy of this Terrestrial Spot in comparison with other Systems dispersed thro' the Regions of Space.

Omniscience' Self Man's Ignorance restrains,
 Man's Weakness puts Omnipotence in Chains,
 Man's Pride of Justice would controul the Sway, 340
 Man's Goodness sleeps Eternity away.

All deaf, the Hearer of our various Needs;
 All blind, the Being whence all Light proceeds;
 With Cognisance exact, the King of Kings
 Kens thro' the wide Diversity of Things: 345
 Without his Guidance not a Minim moves;
 Nature but acts as Nature's GOD approves.

Ask ye the Cause that gives Destruction Scope,
 When left by, Mis'ry's last Attendant, Hope,
 A Nation sinks, Earth's strong Foundations rend, 350
 Toss the wild Waves, and penal Flames ascend
 (Involv'd in equal Guilt, attend the Call,
 And may *Augusta* rise by *Lisbon's* Fall !)

ALPHONSO holds—'tis Nature, Nature reigns,

'Tis Nature acting just as GOD ordains. 355

This, if he weighs it with a Mind intense,
Is true Philosophy and solid Sense.

Still o'er these Realms thy watchful Care extend,
Still from th' insulting Foe our Shores defend !
Thy Wisdom, yet, *Britannia's* Ardour guide,
To sooth their Malice, and abate their Pride :
Shield us beneath the Shadow of thy Wings,
Guardian of States ! and Ruler ev'n of Kings !



CANTO V.

A Death-Bed argues better than a CLARK.

Young.

Hæu fuge, nate DEO! teq; his, ait, eripe flammis.

SAY whence these ardent Hopes of being bless'd,

These strong Ideas on the Mind impress'd;

365

Still in progressive Science form'd to grow,

The Mind still knowing, still on Fire to know.

Sure these preparatory Flights must be

The Rudiments to full Maturity.

I see, methinks, th' *Athenian Hero* stand

370

Smiling with Death's full Goblet in his Hand!

I.

I hear the dying, but enraptur'd, Sage
 With solemn Truths attentive Crouds engage,
 In Terms where Judgment and Persuasion meet,
 And, like his Hopes of Glory, *strong* and sweet! 375
 Oppression wafts him to that peaceful Shore
 Where *Slander* wounds, and Poison kills, no more.
 Here CATO falling, BRUTUS there survey,
 Exalted in the Muse's partial Lay.
 Despair-led Souls may desp'rate Acts atchieve, 380
 Such as dare die because they dare not live.
 Nobly resign'd, and not by Phrensy driv'n,
 The *Grecian* falls, forgives and is forgiv'n:
 Triumphant SOCRATES! my Soul admires
 The *Pagan* glowing ev'n with *Christian* Fires. 385

Hast

L. 372. Agreeably to this CICERO.—His et talibus rationibus adductus SOCRATES nec patronum quæsit ad iudicium capitis, nec iudicibus supplex fuit: adhibuitq; liberam contumaciam a magnitudine animi ductam non a superbia; et supremo vitæ die de hoc ipso multa disseruit; et paucis ante diebus, cum facile posset educere custodiam, noluit: et cum penè in manu jam mortiferum illud tenuerat poculum, locutus ita est ut non ad mortem trudi, verum in cœlum videretur ascendere.

Hast thou not read how sad Tradition paints
 The Fall, and thro' that Fall the Rise, of Saints,
 Who chose, their Lives by dying to prolong,
 All *Kings* in Heav'n, and *Martyrs* all in Song?
 Pleasure in vain each gentle Charm essays,
 And Wealth and Honour unsuccessful blaze.
 Wondrous good Men! who, Proof to hostile Pride,
 Smil'd at the Rack, and impious Might defied;
 With Rapture fill'd, Hell's Black Militia view'd,
 Fell, breathing Peace, and, falling, yet subdued;
 Resolv'd, amid the public Tempest flood,
 And sail'd to Liberty thro' Seas of Blood:
 Death, touch'd with Pity, purchas'd their Release,
 And the stern *Tyrant* signs a lasting Peace.

Peace to that Breast which Faith celestial guides,

400

Where a fix'd Calm, and filial Awe, presides!

Peace to the *Christian Hero* arm'd with Pow'r,

Unruffled to behold his mortal Hour!

Arm'd

Arm'd at all Points, he knows no inward Strife,
 Knows not one Sigh for all the Poms of Life;
 But, as gay Scenes and happy Visions rise,
 Hears his kind Angel's gentle Call, and dies.

It is a glorious Privilege to die,

When the rapt Soul ascends yon spangled Sky;
 Where wide diffus'd her intellectual Sight,

All Truth shall stream abroad, Truth heav'nly bright,
 From one immense and genuine Fount of Light.

There not incumber'd, not confin'd to Place,

Glowing along illimitable Space,

Instant, her nimble Effence wings her Way,

Bright as the Sun, and active as a Ray.

O come that Minute, worth an Age of Time!

[The Christian's Wish elate with Views sublime]

When Death shall sign th' imprison'd Soul's Discharge,

And the free Mind shall think and act at large:

When the rais'd Man, from Matter's irksome Load
 Releas'd, expatiates o'er yon bright Abode,
 And crown'd with GOD-like Pow'rs, lives whole to GOD.

Hail thou, the Father's uncreated Ray!

Hail, of desponding Souls thou total Stay! 425

The Bliss ineffable is thine to give;

By Nature dead, by thee alone we live.

O form'd in ev'ry Heart may Jesus reign,

And active Faith raise high the grateful Strain,

'Till each of ADAM's Sons lost Paradise regain! 430

When Death-Bed Pangs (O grievous Load to bear!)

Wake Conscience, and when Conscience wakes Despair;

When the Teeth gnash, distorted Eye-Balls roll,

And strong Convulsions rend the struggling Soul;

When the shrill, hideous, Heart-felt Voice within 435

Shouts Vengeance, and presents each glaring Sin;

When Worlds appear of Torments yet unfelt;

Rous'd into Thought ev'n startled ATHEISTS melt,

Where now (ah! where) are those fure Maxims fled
 Which erst from Truth their devious Steps mis-led? 440
 So gaily dress'd, so gilded o'er with Art,
 That specious Error won th' inclining Heart:
 All Sophistry, how florid, yet how weak,
 Let Death, that Lord of ARISTOTLE, speak.
 Then will the Wretch cry loud, but cry unheard, 445
 ' O thou most worthy to be lov'd and fear'd!
 ' Are no Reserves of Mercy to be found?
 ' Can neither Pray'rs, nor Tears, nor Vows compound?
 ' Ah! no. Stern Justice calls: Hark! hark! the fearful Sound.
 ' I go, alas! but whither must I go? 450
 ' Is there no Medium betwixt Blis and Woe?
 ' Cannot that GOD, which did this Whole create,
 ' Reduce me to my former empty State?
 ' Lay the whole Man in undistinguish'd Dust?
 ' He can: But how? with endless Mercy just. 455
 ' Down with the Tyrant's Empire, Death and Hell!
 ' O 'tis the Blis of Angels to rebel.

' Nothing but Hell and Conscience now remain,
 ' Hell ! Conscience ! an Eternity of Pain !
 ' Come on, then, ye curs'd Fiends that round me wait ! } 460
 ' Come, ye who smile so ghastly at my Fate ! }
 ' Come, tear me, tear me, from the GOD I hate ! }

O thou, from whose creative Bounty flow
 The ALL of Heav'n above, and Earth below !
 Before the everlasting Hills had Birth, } 465
 Before the strong Foundations of the Earth,
 Long before antient Time began to start,
 Primeval ! from Eternity—thou ART.

Angels, Arch-Angels, Thrones, Dominions, all,
 Before thy Foot-stool reverential fall. } 470

Thro' Space Creation hails thee King of Kings ;
 Thro' Space th' eternal Hallelujah rings.
 Father of Lights ! with unreserv'd Acclaim
 We praise thee, we adore thy glorious Name.
 Thy Ways in Fulness of Perfection shine ; } 475
 Pure Equity, essential Truth, are thine :

To thee all Pow'r, all Mercy, appertain ;

Mercy still sweetens, Pow'r confirms, thy Reign.

Thy Mercy endless, and supreme thy Pow'r,

O save us, save us, in our dying Hour !

480



*The Third Chapter of HABBAKUK.**

THOU whose protecting Hand is JACOB'S Strength!
 Renounce thy Judgments, and be calm at length:
 Snatch from oppressive Chains thy fav'rite Race,
 Whelm'd in the Dust, and Objects of Disgrace:
 Yet, yet, let ABRAM'S Seed thy Mercy prove,
 And in the Midst of *Wrath* remember *Love*.

Then shall JEHOVAH shine, array'd with Pow'r,
 Effulgent, as on that auspicious Hour,
 When, high in Vehicle of lambent Flame
 Shot from th' Æthereal Height, th' ALMIGHTY came.
 From *Paran's* sacred Mount th' Eternal rode,
 And *Teman's* rattling Summit felt the GOD:

When,

When, lo! by his extensive Terrors aw'd,
Him Worlds above, and Worlds below applaud.
A Flood of Lustre all around he cast,
Such Lustre as a thousand Suns surpass'd.

495

From his dread Eyes resistless Lightnings shot,
And on his Arm *Omnipotence* he wrote.
Myriads of wing'd Diseases round him wait,
And PESTILENCE and DEATH precede in State.

500

Sublime he stood, and measur'd at a Glance
Each distant Corner of the Earth's Expanse.
Whole Nations scatter'd at his dreadful Look;
Strong Holds and everlasting Mountains shook.

Yet, deep conceal'd the Fulness of his Might
In Volumes of impenetrable Light:

505

The Tents of CUSHAN in Distress I saw,
And MIDIAN trembled with excessive Awe.
Say, was thine Anger turn'd against the Seas?
Say, did the Rivers in their Course displease?

510

Where-

Wherefore did GOD his naked Bow sustain,
 And with a *Fiat* cleave the passive Main?
 The inmost Caverns of the Earth unlock,
 And beckon Torrents from the gushing Rock?

Behold the memorable Time at Hand

515

To fix his People in the promis'd Land!
 Earth felt the Shock to all her ambient Shores;
 The frighten'd Currents start, and Ocean roars.

The pale Moon stood, yet paler with Dismay;
 The Sun, astonish'd, halted on his Way;
 Astonish'd at the Slaughter of the Day.

520

In the full Blaze his Arrows walk'd abroad;
 His Spear gave Lightning, where his Fury trod.
 With headlong Rage in mighty Numbers strong,
 (As the dread Whirlwind rapid pours along)

525

Of *Belial's* Sons on rush th' embattled Train;
 They fall, and, breathing Slaughter, strew the Plain.
 They fall! they fall! in undistinguish'd Heaps;
 And Blood, and Desolation, mark his Steps.

For this, his People thro' the Deep he led, 530
And kept inviolate th' anointed Head.

Soon as the Oracle of GOD foretold
The Fate which *Sion* well deserv'd of old,
Shudder'd my Soul, with conscious Horror fill'd,
And the big Sweats from ev'ry Pore distill'd! 535
For much I fear'd the savage Foe to prove,
Fix'd to Revenge, and destitute of Love.

What tho' the Fig-Tree should no Blossoms yield,
No Fruit the Vineyard, and no Crops the Field;
Tho' with'ring Olives mock the Planter's Toil, 540
Exub'rant erst with grateful Streams of Oil;
Tho' loathsome Murrains on our Kine befall,
Depopulate the Fold, and thin the Stall;
Tho' all around in Anarchy be hurl'd;
Thy CHURCH shall stand amid the bursting World, 545
Till Heav'n's Supreme his own Elect release,
And all be mild Repose, and all eternal Peace.

REFLECTIONS *on the* SEA-SIDE. * 22

O SNATCH me swift from these tumultuous Scenes
To where Life knows not what Affliction means;
To where Religion, Peace, and Comfort dwell, 550
And cheer with Heart-felt Rays my lonely Cell;
There, where no *ruffling* Winds, no *raging* Seas,
Shock the *calm* Muse amidst her pensive Ease:
Each Passion *smooth*, each *mild* Affection mine,
Mix'd with each Human Grace, and each Divine: 555
Aw'd by no Terrors, with no Cares perplex'd,
This Life—my gentle *Passage*—to the next.

Yet—if it please thee best, thou Pow'r SUPREME
My Bark to drive thro' Life's more *rapid Stream*;

If low'ring Storms my destin'd Course attend, 560
 And Ocean rage 'till this black Voyage end;
 Let Ocean rage—let Storms indignant roar—
 I bow submissive, and, resign'd, adore;
 Resign'd adore, in various CHANGES try'd,
 Thy own lov'd Son my *Anchor* and my *Guide*!
 Resign'd adore, whate'er thy Will decree,
 My Faith in JESU! and my Hope in THEE!

O happiest Lot! if, thro' a *Sea* of Woes,
 I reach that *Harbour* where the Just repose.



E P I T A P H S.

THIS honest Tomb no fullsome Flatt'ry knows, 570

The last proud Gift which Vice on Vice bestows;

Yet dares one sweet and glorious Truth impart—

Transcribe the glowing Lecture on thy Heart.

Hast thou that pow'rful Faith that works by Love,

And, dead to Sense, still points to Thrones above? 575

Feed the warm Hope which pure Religion gives,

Nor fear to die, thou whose REDEEMER lives!

Thy Bones shall rattle from their Earthy Bed:

JESUS, who *died* to save thee, saves thee *dead*.



On a Young Man's Tomb.

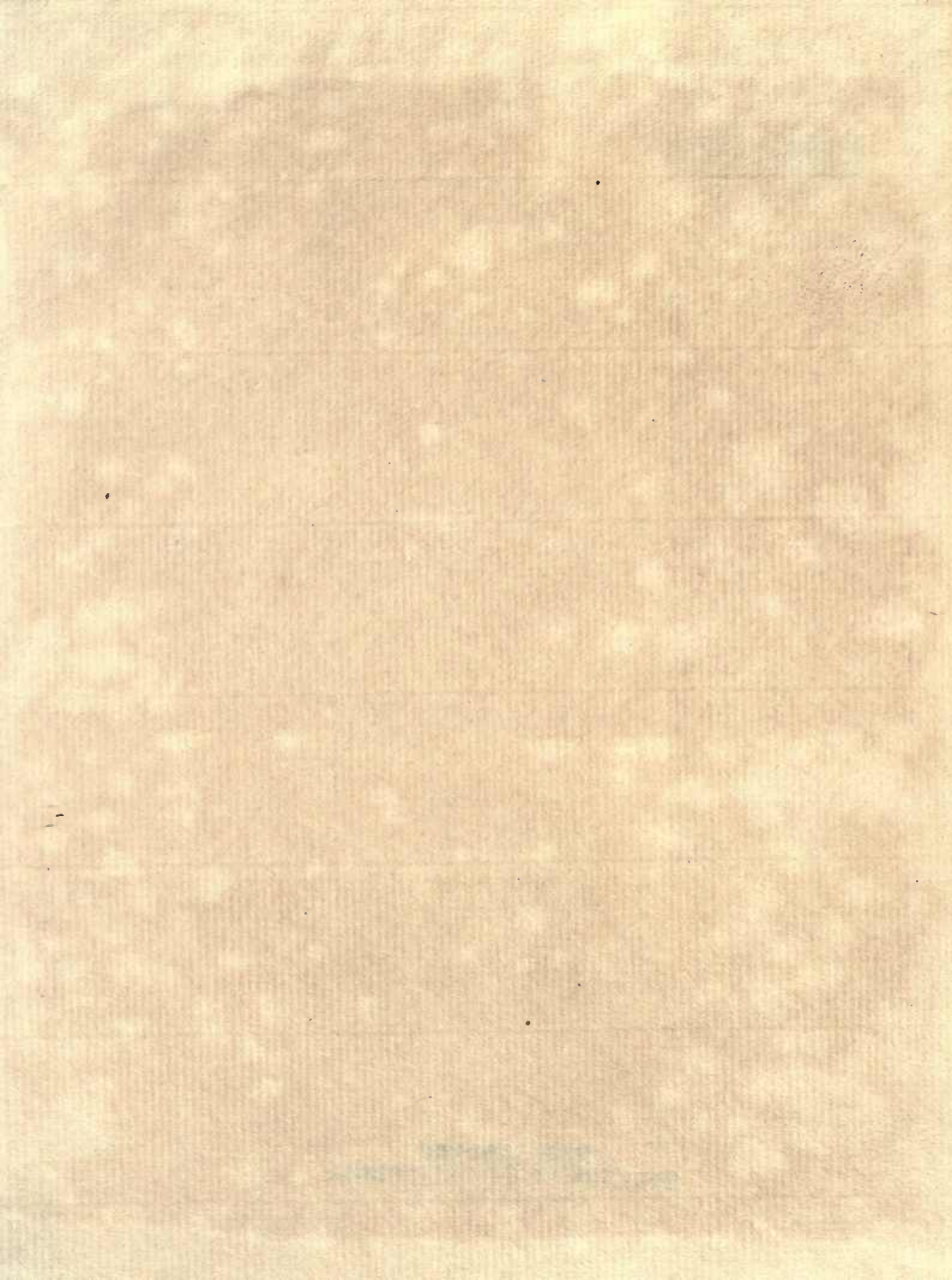
SNATCH'D from the Scenes which captivate Mankind, 580
 Ev'n Youth must leave its glitt'ring Toys behind;
 Blest with the Change, when, ev'ry Thought sublime,
 The Soul can taste *Eternity* in *Time* :
 Then Youth, in Rapture, overlooks the *Span*,
 And, form'd an ANGEL, only pities MAN. 585

The E N D.

On a Young Man's Tomb.

SNATCH'D from the scenes which captivate Mankind,
 580 Ev'n Youth must leave its glittering Toys behind;
 Blest with the Change, when every Thought sublime,
 The Soul can taste Eternity in Time:
 Then Youth, in Rapture, overlooks the Span,
 And, form'd an Angel, only pities Man.
 585

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